

Red String

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Summary: An invisible red thread connects those who are destined to meet, regardless of time, place, or circumstance. The thread may stretch or tangle, but it will never break. (Sequel to Grief.)

Red String

****Hello! Explanation for why this is back is in the note before _Grief_, which you should've read if you're reading this :p If you haven't, please read _Grief_! It's a one-shot. It'll be quick. Promise ;)****

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* * *

><p>"She has eyes like precious gems and hair like fire, a voice like honey and a razor-sharp wit, so â€" <p>

She has to be an angel because her kiss is heaven â€" I know, I tasted her lips once â€" and also because

in that moment, I was in hell, and she was an indescribable beauty, a being sent to save me, so â€"

A dear friend of mine once said, "There's no such thing as fate," but nothing else could be drawing me to this girl if it isn't the red string, an unbreakable bond, a simple, yet undeniable power, so â€"

I may be human, and she may not be, but even before she could shatter glass with her scream, she was a goddess to me, so â€"

it's no wonder I'm absolutely in love with her.

I watched that girl grow up.

I watched her blossom from a fiery little girl to a fierce young woman, and I admired her the whole way. I watched her as she walked past every pair of ogling eyes, and I wondered if I could be the one she finally noticed. I wondered if she'd see the admiration in my eyes instead of the lust in everyone else's, if she'd see that I know there's a heart beneath what's hanging out of her low-cut dress.

"_and I know that beneath that cold_ lifeless exterior_ there's an actual human soul."_

I watched her fall into steroid-enhanced arms and cower from testosterone-fueled anger. I watched her turn away_ and then I watched her turn back. She returned to the serpent's lips as they lied and said he loved her, he was just mad, he wouldn't yell at her again. I watched it like a broken record.

I watched her fall to the ground when a monster's bite nearly claimed her life, like a marionette when the strings are suddenly slashed. Like a marionette_ like a doll, with her pretty red cheeks and red lips and red hair_ red skin, red dress... Everything was red. I saw nothing but pure crimson anger when I looked upon the creature that tore my doll apart, and he looked back at me with blood-red eyes.

"_She'll be incredibly powerful."_

"_Yeah, and once a month she'll go out of her freakin' mind and try to tear me apart."_

I couldn't help thinking that at least she'd notice me then.

All that red faded to black as all hell broke loose, and I was forced to keep her at a distance because everyone around me thought she was dangerous. I knew better. I knew better, but I couldn't convince them she wasn't evil, so I watched her from afar like I always did. I watched her give in to a madness we didn't have a name for, little by little, day by day.

I watched her struggle with the pain of a supernatural mind in a human body, and I watched her rise up when she finally figured out what she was. I watched her stumble and get back up, stumble and get back up, stumble and get back up, and wondered when she was going to take the hand I held out to keep her steady.

I watched her go from a life rich in material but impoverished in meaning to a life with honest friends and honest purpose. She was miserable before, filling a void with fake friends, vapid popularity, lavish _things_, and luxurious bedfellows' bedsheets, but she was honestly happy when she embraced the supernatural. She rose up the ranks, known to all as a genius and a friend. Queen of the humans, queen of the supernatural_ and I watched every second of it.

"_Lydia used to pretend not to be smart."_

"_Our Lydia?"_

"â€|_and Stiles was the only one who knew."_

"_How?"_

I paid attention.

I watched.

I watched her life unfold, and I watched our lives intertwine. I watched her fall from heaven the day I met her, and I watched her fall from grace. I watched her fallâ€| for him.

I stand here, hand still outstretched, as she dances with him the way she danced with me that night. The banshee and the hellhoundâ€| Harbingers of death, two of a kindâ€| _the perfect combination_â€|

â€|_but what were we when we both were human_"

#

"I've read this a thousand times, and I just can't get over how poetic you are, Stilesâ€| and how unlike you that is," Lydia whispers as she sets the paper down on the ground with shaking hands. She snuffles, brings the box of matches out of the pocket of Parrish's coat, which swallows her dainty figure, lights one, and sets Stiles' last words aflame. She falls to her knees in front of the fire, and her composure lasts all of two seconds before she presses her face to the freshly-turned soil of his grave and cries.

She cries for the boy who saved her from an alpha.

For the boy who knew â€" who just _knew_ â€" she wasn't evil.

For the boy who believed in her powers even though he didn't know what they were.

For the boy she kissed, not out of passion, but out of pure tenderness and affection, to calm him down during a panic attack.

For the boy she risked her life to save â€" even though there was a chance there was nothing left to save â€" when he was nearly broken by a demon.

For the boy who coached her through using her powers to stop a deadpool.

For the boy who stayed by her side when the Dread Doctors unleashed hell, when she lay catatonic in a mental institution, pleading with her because there was no way their friends would make it without her.

She cries for the boy who loved her, and she cries because she can still hear him.

"_I think you look really beautiful when you cry."_

When her tears are spent, she lifts her head, wipes her cheeks, and

stands up on wobbly feet. She reads the gravestone over and over again until the words no longer make sense, and she turns away, whispering to the sky, "I know you'll still watch me."

When the fire dies, ashes are all that is left of the painful words he left herâ€| but the red string he tied the note with is still intact.

End
file.